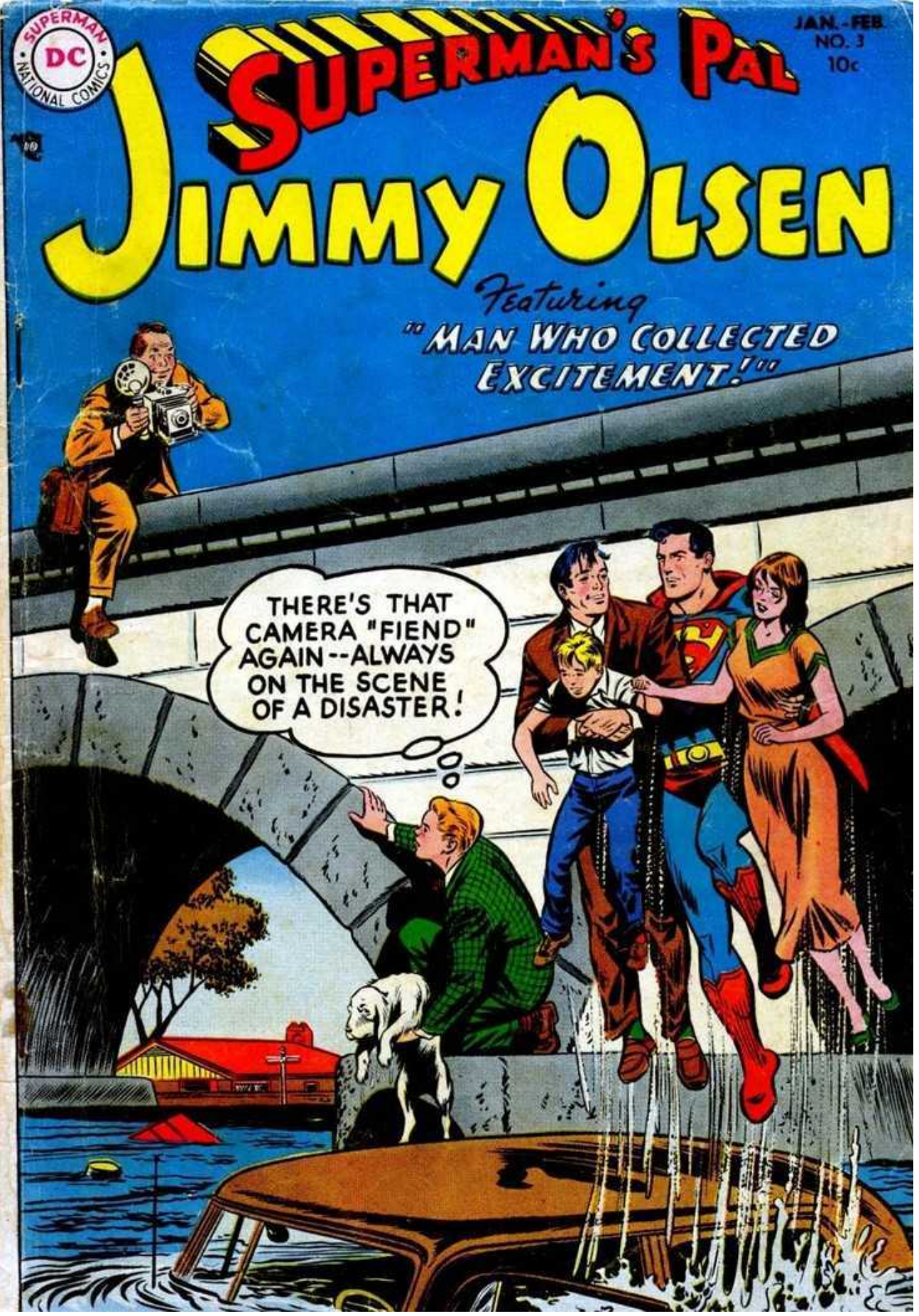
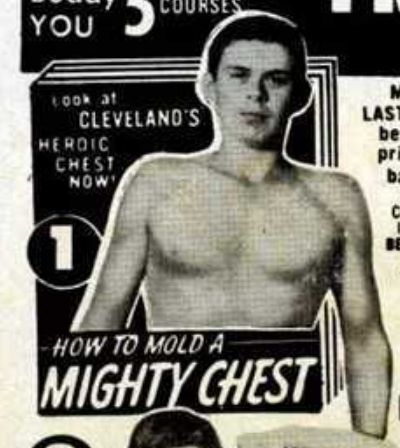

SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
JAN.-FEB.
NO. 3
10c
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
Featuring
"MAN WHO COLLECTED EXCITEMENT!"
THERE'S THAT CAMERA "FIEND" AGAIN--ALWAYS ON THE SCENE OF A DISASTER!

Now, Buddy YOU GET ALL THESE 5 PICTURE-PACKED COURSES **FREE** If you mail coupon NOW as I did!

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

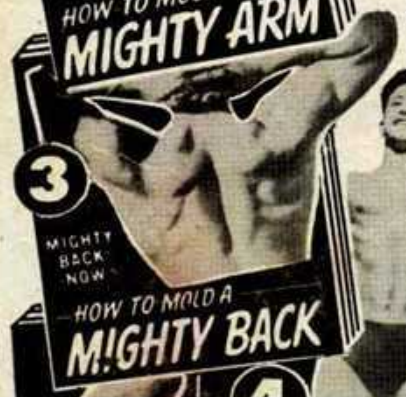


May be LAST CHANCE before $1 price goes back!

I gained **70 lbs.** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE**
Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY and made the football team. I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before, says Cleveland.

I changed myself from this ANEMIC SHRIMP → to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches to each ARM 10 inches to my CHEST says Ken Grimm.



I GAINED **53 lbs.** OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES

I Was a Skinny, Scared, Girl-Shy Skeleton. Now My Body is the Best in the Neighborhood. Pal —Do as I Did—Mail The Coupon Below.

AFTER R. HIRSCH BEFORE

NOW—YOU MAIL COUPON and GET ALL 5 COURSES FREE

Millions were sold at $1. PLUS BIG PHOTO BOOK of STRONG MEN which also tells how to WIN TROPHY and $100!

LOOK at ME and MY PALS!

What a Pitiful lot of **SKINNY WRECKS** like **YOU** We were **BEFORE** We mailed coupon! Yes, PAL—**NOW YOU** MAIL THE COUPON BELOW and Get a **NEW HE-MAN BODY** for Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME!**

YOU CAN WIN $100.00 AND A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP LIKE WE DID!

NO! Friend you don't have to be SKINNY, WEAK or FLABBY any more—just mail the FREE coupon below as I did! But DO IT NOW—This may be YOUR LAST CHANCE!

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

1 FIVE COURSES 2 MUSCLE METER 3 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. NC-51

Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —B. F. Keller Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER AND PRIZES!

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

WHAT IF YOU WERE SUDDENLY GIVEN $1,000,000? IT WOULD BE QUITE A THRILL, WOULDN'T IT? JIMMY OLSEN, SUPERMAN'S PAL, THOUGHT SO, TOO--BUT THE YOUNG CUB REPORTER LEARNED THAT SUDDEN WEALTH CAN ALSO MEAN PLENTY OF HEADACHES, AS YOU YOURSELF WILL DISCOVER WHEN YOU SEE HOW JIMMY BECAME...

"THE BOY MILLIONAIRE!"

JIMMY! THIS WARDROBE MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE!

TUT-TUT, SUPERMAN... MERE PIN MONEY! I MUST DO SOME REAL SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES, OR I WON'T HAVE A DECENT THING TO WEAR!

J.O.

ONE MORNING, AS YOUNG JIMMY OLSEN INTERVIEWS AGATHA AMES, ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRESS...

HOW MANY? DEAR ME! I THINK I HAVE 48 OF THE LITTLE DARLINGS... OR IS IT 49? DO YOU LOVE CATS, TOO, MR. OLSEN?

UH... NOT THIS MUCH! HAVE YOU A GROUP PICTURE OF ALL YOUR PETS, MISS AMES?

YES, IN THIS SAFE! HEAVENS-- IT'S SO CLUTTERED WITH TRASH, I CAN HARDLY FIND IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE MY CAT PHOTOS!

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN CASH...TRASH SHE CALLS IT! JEEPERS, IS SHE RICH!

SUPERMAN'S PAL, JIMMY OLSEN, No. 3, Jan.-Feb., 1955. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC. 2 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. APPLICATION FOR SECOND CLASS ENTRY pending at the post office at Bridgeport, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign $1.50 in American funds. Entire
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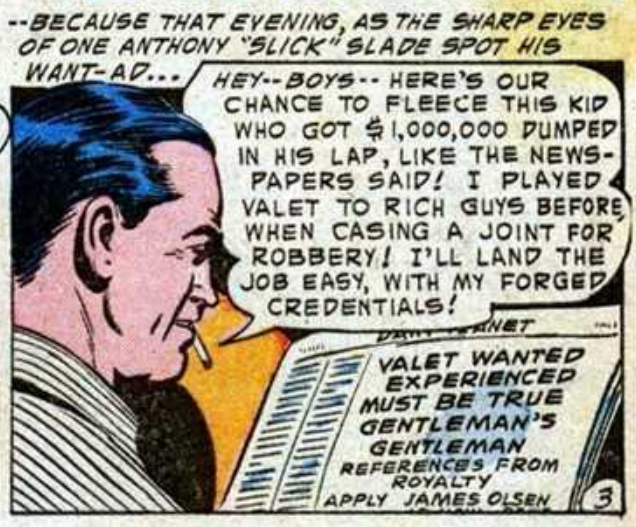
Printed in U.S.A.

I PUT THE MONEY BACK IN, MISS AMES!
BUT DON'T SHUT IT... OH, TOO LATE! I NEVER LOCK IT, AND I FORGOT THE COMBINATION LONG AGO! OH WELL--JUST A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND LOST! TRIVIAL!
MEW, MEW! MEOWWWWW!
EEK--WAIT! SASSAFRAS IS LOCKED IN! I KNOW HIS MEOW! MY POOR DARLING WILL SUFFOCATE! HELP... HELP!
GOLLY-- THE ONLY WAY TO OPEN THE SAFE NOW IS WITH DYNAMITE! BUT THAT WOULD KILL THE CAT, TOO! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CALL FOR SUPERMAN, WITH MY SECRET SUPER-SONIC SIGNAL!
AND AS JIMMY'S AMAZING SIGNAL, INAUDIBLE TO ORDINARY HUMAN EARS, REACHES THE SUPER-EARS OF REPORTER CLARK KENT, IN THE DAILY PLANET OFFICES...
INSTANTS LATER, AT THE CAT HEAVEN...
AGATHA AMES FAINTED, SUPERMAN! OPEN THAT SAFE AND LET SASSAFRAS OUT FOR HER!
OKAY, JIMMY! THEN I'LL BE OFF ON... ER... SLIGHTLY MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS!
SO WHEN THE WEALTHY WOMAN REVIVES...
SASSAFRAS IS SAFE, MA'AM! SUPERMAN RIPPED IT OPEN AND...
NONSENSE! SUPERMAN WOULD HARDLY BOTHER WITH SUCH A MINOR PROBLEM -- AND BESIDES, HOW WOULD HE EVEN HEAR OF THIS? YOU DID IT YOURSELF, YOU MODEST YOUNG HERO! I'LL HAVE MY BANK PLACE A DEPOSIT IN YOUR NAME, AS A REWARD! JUST A TRIFLING SUM!
LATER, AS JIMMY RECEIVES A PHONE CALL AT THE OFFICE...
MR. OLSEN?... THIS IS METROPOLIS BANK! MISS AGATHA AMES HAS DEPOSITED TO YOUR NAME, THE SUM OF $1,000,000!
HELLO... HELLO? ARE YOU THERE, SIR?
TRIFLING SUM? OH-H---
LOOK! JIMMY'S FAINTED!
SO IT'S A NEW JIMMY OLSEN WHO REPORTS FOR WORK THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
HENSHAW, MY GOOD MAN, I SEE A SCRATCH ON THE FENDER AT LEAST AN INCH LONG -- SO TURN IN THE CAR! FIND SOMETHING MORE EXPENSIVE, TOO... NOTHING AS CHEAP-LOOKING AS THIS ONE!
YES SIR!

AND UP IN THE OFFICE...
JIMMY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF SHOWING UP AT NOON FOR YOUR JOB?
EDITOR
WHAT JOB? MY DEAR MR. WHITE, JUST COUNTING MY MONEY WILL BE A FULL-TIME JOB! I SAY...THIS $1,000 BILL IS SOILED!
NOW, I MUST VISIT MY BANK FOR MORE POCKET MONEY! SO LONG, SLAVES!
HMPH! HE'LL NEED A NEW HAT--TEN SIZES LARGER! ALL THAT MONEY WENT TO HIS HEAD!
HE'S A GOOD KID AT HEART, LOIS! SUDDEN WEALTH JUST OVERWHELMED HIM TEMPORARILY! WE'LL CALL ON HIM TOMORROW AND SEE IF HE STRAIGHTENED OUT!

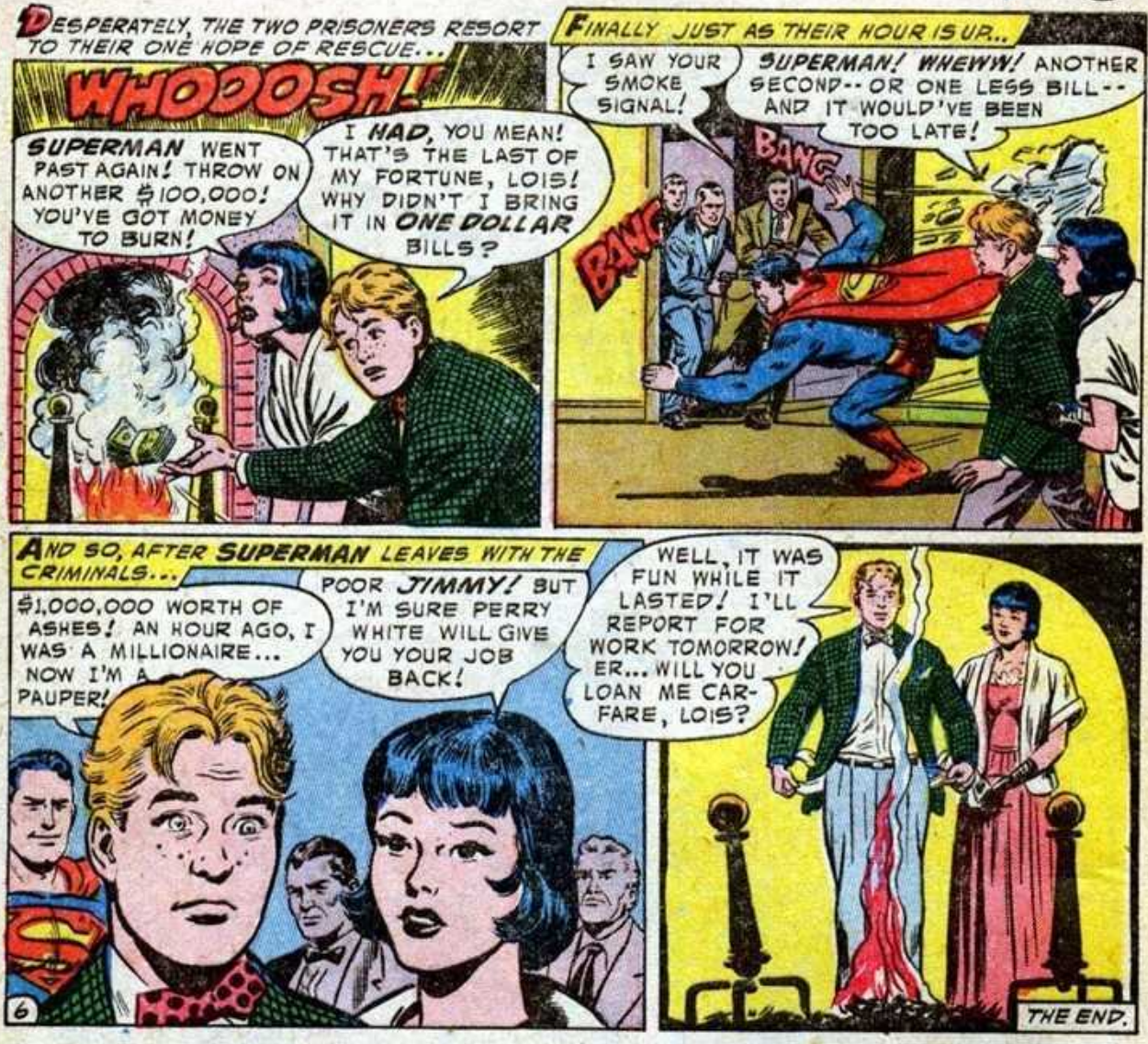
BUT NEXT DAY, IN JIMMY'S NEW APARTMENT...
JARVIS! TWO SUPER SODAS FOR MY FRIENDS! REMEMBER, 25 SCOOPS OF ICE-CREAM!
A SOLID GOLD SPOON! HE'S PUTTING ON THE DOG WORSE THAN EVER!
DEAR ME...I HAVE A TERRIBLE PROBLEM! A FRIGHTFUL CHOICE TO MAKE, AND I'M JUST FRANTIC! WHICH SUIT SHALL I WEAR TODAY?
GREAT SCOTT! DID HE BUY OUT A WHOLE CLOTHING STORE?

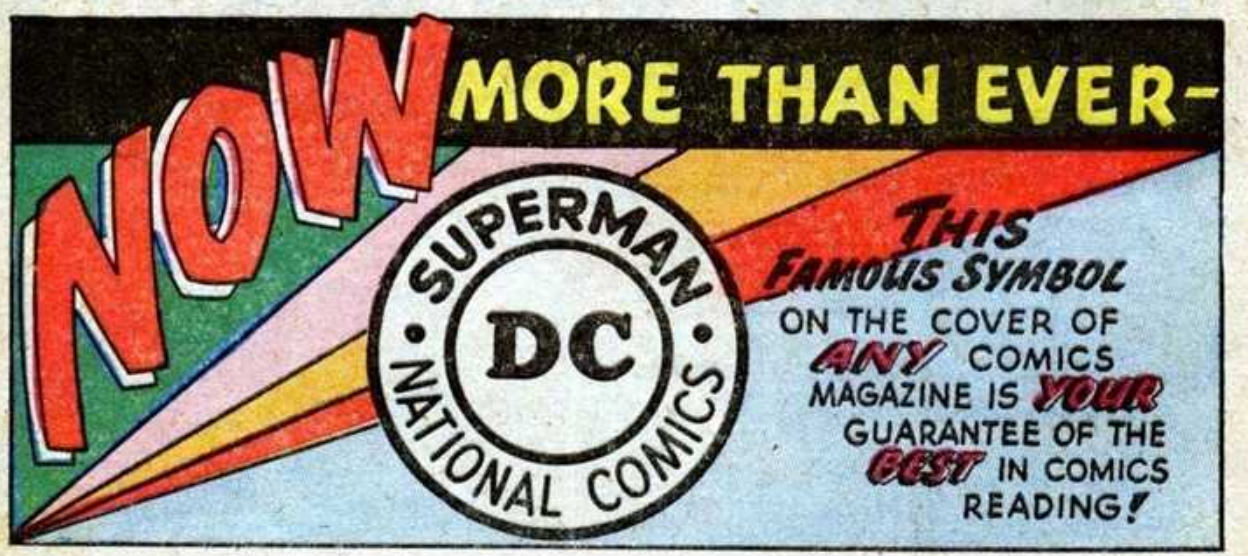
AND WHEN IT'S TIME TO LEAVE...
I NEED EXPERIENCED SARTORIAL HELP, IF I'M TO BE THE BEST-DRESSED TEEN-AGER IN TOWN! SO PUT THAT AD IN THE DAILY PLANET FOR ME, WILL YOU?
A HELP-WANTED AD FOR A PERSONAL VALET?
WHEW! JIMMY'S REALLY GOING HIGH-HAT ON US!
BUT JIMMY IS ALSO HEADING FOR A REAL HARD FALL--


--BECAUSE THAT EVENING, AS THE SHARP EYES OF ONE ANTHONY "SLICK" SLADE SPOT HIS WANT-AD...
HEY--BOYS-- HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FLEECE THIS KID WHO GOT $1,000,000 DUMPED IN HIS LAP, LIKE THE NEWSPAPERS SAID! I PLAYED VALET TO RICH GUYS BEFORE WHEN CASING A JOINT FOR ROBBERY! I'LL LAND THE JOB EASY, WITH MY FORGED CREDENTIALS!
VALET WANTED EXPERIENCED MUST BE TRUE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN REFERENCES FROM ROYALTY APPLY JAMES OLSEN

THUS, PRESENTLY...
I'M LUCKY TO GET YOU, SLADE! HOW MANY KINGS WERE YOU VALET FOR?
FOUR, SIR! NOT TO MENTION DOZENS OF PRINCES, DUKES, AND SUCH SMALL-FRY! NOW THE DIAMOND CUFF-LINKS, TO MAKE YOU IMPECCABLE WHEN THOSE FINANCIERS CALL!
AWHILE LATER, WHEN THE TWO "FINANCIERS" ARRIVE...
GOSH! YOU SAY I'LL DOUBLE MY MONEY OVERNIGHT ON THESE STOCKS OF OIL, GOLD, AND URANIUM? I'LL BUY THEM ALL!
BOY, COULD WE TAKE THIS FOOL KID OVER THE COALS! BUT NOW THE BOSS'LL "EXPOSE" US, SO THE KID WILL TRUST HIM COMPLETELY FOR A BIGGER SHAKEDOWN LATER!
AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THE PROPER MOMENT...
IMPOSTORS! I CHECKED YOUR PHONY NAMES WITH THE STOCK EXCHANGE! NOBODY WILL SWINDLE MY MASTER! GET OUT!
TH-THANKS, SLADE! I SEE I'M SAFE FROM CHISELERS WITH YOU AROUND!
FINALLY, A WEEK LATER...
NOW WHICH YACHT SHALL I BUY? THE $50,000 ONE OR... WHAT'S UP, SLADE?
HE'S RIPE FOR PLUCKING. AFTER ALL THE SHARPIES AND CONS I STEERED HIM CLEAR OF, HE'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING I SAY!
BEG PARDON, SIR! MR. SUPERMAN SAID TO DELIVER THIS NOTE TO YOU, AS IT'S MOST URGENT!
FOR SALE $50,000
JIMMY! I need all your money! Will explain later! Meet me at the old empty house on Oak Square tonight, with every cent you have left! Superman
GOLLY! GUESS I CAN'T LET MY PAL SUPERMAN DOWN! EVEN IF IT MEANS GIVING UP MY LUXURY!
THAT NIGHT, AS LOIS LANE DROPS IN...
SORRY TO SKIP OUR OPERA DATE, LOIS! SUPERMAN ASKED FOR ALL THE MONEY I HAVE LEFT, AND I'M DELIVERING IT NOW!
WHAT--? I'LL GO ALONG, JIMMY! SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCITING STORY!
BUT BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THE RENDEZVOUS...
SHUCKS! FORGOT TO GAS UP! NO TAXIS EITHER--SO WE'LL HAVE TO RUN THE REST OF THE WAY!
IN A POURING RAIN? WE'LL BE SOAKED TO THE SKIN!
4

AND ANOTHER "SOAKING" AWAITS THEM AT THE MEETING PLACE...
THANKS FOR DELIVERING MY WAGES... SIR! HA, HA!
YOUR VALET IS A CROOK, JIMMY! HE BUILT YOU UP TO THIS SHAKEDOWN! THE SUPERMAN NOTE WAS A FAKE!
BUT AS THE CROOKS OPEN JIMMY'S BRIEFCASE...
HUH--? ONLY SCRAP PAPER HERE! WHERE'S THE MONEY?
GUESS! NATURALLY, I PLAYED IT SAFE, IN CASE OF ROBBERY! I'D HAVE TOLD SUPERMAN ONLY WHERE I HID IT! BUT I WON'T TELL YOU HOODS!
ANGRILY, THE THIEVES LOCK THEM IN THE DESERTED HOUSE...
IF YOU DON'T SPILL IT IN ONE HOUR, WISE GUY, WE'LL COME IN... SHOOTING!
ALL THE WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP! NOTHING TO USE AS A WEAPON OR TOOL TO GET OUT-- AND NO ONE WOULD HEAR US YELL THROUGH THE THICK WALLS! WE'RE TRAPPED!
BUT WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE MONEY, JIMMY?
ON ME, LOIS! IT WAS READY IN CASE SUPERMAN REALLY SHOWED UP! I FIGURED CROOKS WOULDN'T THINK I'D BE "DUMB" ENOUGH TO TAKE THIS CHANCE!
BUT WE'RE STILL TRAPPED, JIMMY! AND NO WAY TO CALL FOR HELP!
SHE DOESN'T KNOW I CAN CALL SUPERMAN WITH...OMIGOSH! THE SIGNAL CUT OFF SUDDENLY, BECAUSE THE WORKS GOT RAIN-SOAKED BEFORE! SUPERMAN WON'T HAVE ANY GUIDE BEAM TO FOLLOW HERE!
CLICK
MEANWHILE, AFTER FLASHING FORTH AT THE FIRST BRIEF VIBRATION TO REACH HIM...
JIMMY'S SIGNAL CONKED OUT BEFORE I COULD TRACE HIM! ALL I CAN DO IS SEARCH IN WIDENING CIRCLES NOW, AND HOPE I STUMBLE ON HIM!
SOON... WHOOOSH!
LISTEN... THAT SOUND! IT'S SUPERMAN SPLITTING THE AIR, SEARCHING FOR US! WE NEED A SMOKE SIGNAL FROM THE CHIMNEY-- BUT OUR CLOTHES ARE TOO WET TO BURN!
AND THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BURN EXCEPT... WAIT! ONLY THE OUTSIDE OF THESE PACKS GOT WET... THE REST IS DRY!
5


DESPERATELY, THE TWO PRISONERS RESORT TO THEIR ONE HOPE OF RESCUE...
WHOOOSH!
SUPERMAN WENT PAST AGAIN! THROW ON ANOTHER $100,000! YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN!
I HAD, YOU MEAN! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY FORTUNE, LOIS! WHY DIDN'T I BRING IT IN ONE DOLLAR BILLS?
FINALLY JUST AS THEIR HOUR IS UP...
I SAW YOUR SMOKE SIGNAL!
SUPERMAN! WHEWW! ANOTHER SECOND--OR ONE LESS BILL--AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN TOO LATE!
BANG
BANG
AND SO, AFTER SUPERMAN LEAVES WITH THE CRIMINALS...
$1,000,000 WORTH OF ASHES! AN HOUR AGO, I WAS A MILLIONAIRE... NOW I'M A PAUPER!
POOR JIMMY! BUT I'M SURE PERRY WHITE WILL GIVE YOU YOUR JOB BACK!
WELL, IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED! I'LL REPORT FOR WORK TOMORROW! ER... WILL YOU LOAN ME CAR-FARE, LOIS?
6
THE END.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3. IDENTIFICATION CARD

BE THE FIRST OF YOUR BUDDIES TO GET THEM

Little
PETE
MY, ELSIE, HUBERT PLAYS THE VIOLIN BEAUTIFULLY!
WE MUST BE RUNNING ALONG, NOW. SAY GOODBYE, PETE!
'BYE!
ISN'T IT NICE THAT HIS FAMILY ENJOYS HIS MUSIC SO MUCH?
DON'T THEY HAVE A RADIO?
END

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

HOWDY, DUDES! COME RIDE TRAIL WITH **JIMMY OLSEN, SUPERMAN'S** "PARD"! AS HE MEETS A MODERN BADMAN OUT WEST! YEP, ALMOST AS IF THE CLOCK HAD TURNED BACK A CENTURY TO LAWLESS DAYS OF YORE, THE YOUNG CUB REPORTER OF THE **DAILY PLANET** FINDS HIMSELF FACING HOT LEAD FROM...

"The FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST!"

DRAW, **KID OLSEN,** YUH VARMINT!

HE'S GOT THE QUICKEST DRAW HERE! ONLY A **SUPER**-DRAW CAN BEAT HIM!

TUMBLEWEED, U.S.A.--A SMALL WESTERN TOWN THAT HAS HARDLY CHANGED SINCE THE LAWLESS YESTERYEAR...

G-GUNSMOKE GUS ON THE RAMPAGE AGIN! RUN FOR COVER!

BANG! BANG! YIPYIP YAAAAA!

TUMBLE INN

AND LIKE BOLD BADMEN OF OLD...

OUT O' MY WAY, YUH GALOOTS! GOTTA HAVE MY FUN AN' SHOOT UP THE TOWN! YIP, YIP-- YA AA!

AND AT THE RAILROAD STATION, AS A LONE ARRIVAL STEPS OFF THE TRAIN...
YAHOO! WELCOME TO TUMBLEWEED-- FROM GUNSMOKE GUS! I'LL SHOW YUH A HOT TIME -- WITH HOT LEAD! HA, HA, HA!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
J-JEEPERS!
COL

BUT WAIT... ISN'T THIS YOUNG VISITOR JIMMY OLSEN, CUB REPORTER OF THE DAILY PLANET? WHAT BRINGS HIM HERE FROM FAR-OFF METROPOLIS?
WHEN THE BOSS ASSIGNED ME TO COVER THE "BIG SHOW" HERE, I THOUGHT HE MEANT A RODEO-- BUT I GUESS HE MEANT THIS MODERN-DAY "BADMAN"! GOLLY, THAT FELLOW CAN HURT SOMEONE, SLINGING LEAD ALL OVER THAT WAY!
BANG! BANG

WHY DON'T THEY STOP HIM? WHERE'S THE SHERIFF?
RIGHT HERE, SON! BUT SHHH... DON'T TELL ANYONE, LEAST OF ALL THAT MAVERICK! I...I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! HE'S GOT THE FASTEST DRAW TODAY, AND HE'S A K-KILLER!
TUMBLE

INDEED, SOME TIME LATER, WHEN A BRAVE MAN DARES TO CHALLENGE THE TERROR OF TUMBLEWEED...
I'M RANNY HOLTON! DRAW, GUNSMOKE... AHHHHH!
YUH MEAN YUH WAS RANNY HOLTON? HO HUM... THIS IS GITTIN' SO BORING, BEATIN' THEM CLUMSY DRAWS!
BAM
HOTEL

GOLLY... IS HE D-DEAD?
WHAT ELSE, SON? RECKON YUH'RE NEW HERE, OR YUH'D KNOW I NEVER MISS! BUT I ALWAYS TAKE MY OWN DEAD AWAY! HAUL HIM OFF, BOYS, WHILE I NOTCH MY GUN AGIN!
GULP! ALL THOSE NOTCHES ARE FOR MEN YOU SH-SHOT?
SHORE, SON! SHUCKS, HARDLY GOT ROOM FOR ANOTHER NOTCH! TAKE A LOOK ON BOOT HILL IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!

SOON, AT THE SIMPLE BURIAL PLACE OUTSIDE TOWN...
GOSH! ALL THESE MEN ARE VICTIMS HE SHOT IN GUN DUELS!
GUESS WHO'S UNDER THIS SOD. AFTER GUNSMOKE MET TODD?
RUDOLPH TODD 1906 - 1954
HERE LIES McGRAW, TOO LATE HIS DRAW!
JAMES McGRAW 1897 - 1952
GUNSMOKE GUS SLUNG LEAD, 30 SILAS JONES IS DEAD!

AND NOW-- RANNY HOLTON! THE SHERIFF TOLD ME HOW THIS TOWN'S STILL UNDER OLD FRONTIER LAW, WHERE DUELING ISN'T A CRIME! SO THAT KILLER'S SAFE FROM ARREST!

BUT LATER, AS GUNSMOKE GUS MEETS HIS HENCHMEN SECRETLY...
WE BURIED "RANNY HOLTON," BOSS -- OR A LOAD OF ROCKS IN HIS PLACE! HA, HA!
NO ONE'LL BOTHER TO TRACE WHERE "RANNY HOLTON" CAME FROM! LOTS OF RANCHES HEREABOUTS! HA, HA, HA!

HERE'S YORE PAY, BOYS! NOW-- WHO'S NEXT TO "DIE" IN DISGUISE, WHEN I SHOOT MY BLANKS? THERE'S NARY A DEAD MAN ON BOOT HILL, BUT THE WHOLE HOODWINKED TOWN THINKS I'M A KILLER!

AFTERWARD, AS GUNSMOKE GUS SWAGGERS DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF TOWN...
HA, HA...THEY ALL DUCK WHEN THE BOSS SHOWS UP!
BOO-O!

YES, EVERYBODY FEARS THIS "KILLER"--EXCEPT ONE INDIGNANT YOUTH...
MAYBE I CAN TRAIL GUS AND PIN SOMETHING ON HIM TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS! BUT I'LL NEED A DISGUISE!
GENERAL STORE

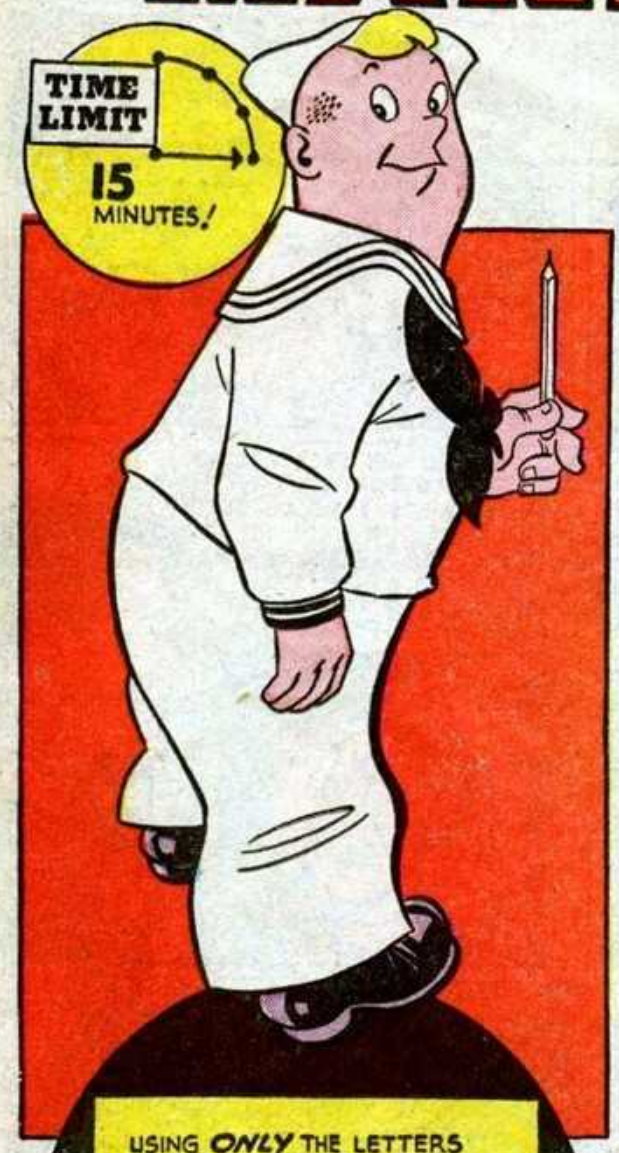
LATER, AFTER CHANGING CLOTHES IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...
RECKON I'LL PASS FOR "KID OLSEN," YOUNG COWPOKE, JEST OFF'N TH' RANGE AN' SADDLE! CERTAINLY LESS CONSPICUOUS THAN JIMMY OLSEN, CITY KID, AS I KEEP AN EYE ON GUNSMOKE IN HERE!
TUMBLE INN
DINING
DANCING
DRINKS

INSIDE...
HMM... LOOKS LIKE GUNSMOKE EVEN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS STOOGES!
NOW THAT I PAID YUH, HOW ABOUT A POKER GAME? ANY OBJECTIONS?
UH... NO, BOSS! WE'D JEST LOVE TO PLAY!
HOW KIN WE REFUSE, WHEN HE KEEPS REAL BULLETS IN ONE GUN?
AS GUNSMOKE WINS STEADILY, JIMMY'S SHARP EYES SOON DETECT WHY...
HE'S USING A MARKED DECK-- DEALING AN ACE OFF THE BOTTOM FOR HIMSELF! IF I TELL HOW HE'S CHEATING HIS OWN MEN, MAYBE THEY WILL ARREST HIM IN ANGER!
LISTEN, PARDS... KID OLSEN CAN'T LET CHEATING GO ON! GUNSMOKE GUS IS USING A MARKED DECK!
THAT'S A WICKED LIE! JEST 'CAUSE I WIN EVERY POT... EVERY TIME WE PLAY! I'M PLUMB LUCKY, THAT'S ALL!
NOW WOULD I CHEAT MY OWN PARDS? I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO THE BOYS! WOULD I, HUH?
W-WE TRUST YUH, B-BOSS!
C-COURSE NOT, BOSS!
AS FOR YOU, STRANGER, YUH SMEARED MY GOOD NAME AN' I'LL PUT YORE NAME ON A TOMB-STONE--UN-LESS YUH GIT OUT O' TOWN BY NOON TOMORROW! SEE?
GULP! Y-YES, SIR!
BANG!
BANG!
NEXT MORNING, JIMMY DOES LEAVE TOWN--BUT ONLY TO PAY A CURIOUS VISIT TO BOOT HILL...
FUNNY THING! I DIDN'T NOTICE ANY BUZZARDS YESTERDAY, FOLLOWING THE BURIAL OF HOLTON, AS YOU'D EXPECT AND... YIPES! A FRESH GRAVE--FOR ME!
POOR KID OLSEN HE DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN, SO HERE HE IS WAY DEEP DOWN!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, JIMMY MAKES A STARTLING DIS-COVERY...
THESE BOOT-PRINTS... THE SPLIT HEEL IS IDENTICAL TO THE ONE WORN BY RANNY HOLTON WHEN HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY BURIED! SUPER DUPER!...SO IT'S ALL A BIG BLUFF! I'LL EXPOSE GUNSMOKE AT NOON, WHEN HE FACES ME WITH A GUN FULL OF BLANKS!

BLANKS, JIMMY? IF YOU COULD ONLY EAVESDROP ON THE DESPERATE BULLY, A FEW HOURS LATER...
IT'S ALMOST NOON, AN' THAT FOOL KID OLSEN IS WAITIN' FOR YUH, BOSS! HE'LL EXPOSE IT ALL...
WILL HE? I'LL SHOW THAT NOSEY BRAT! I'M LOADIN' BOTH MY GUNS WITH REAL BULLETS!
AT NOON, A BREATHLESS HUSH SETTLES OVER TUMBLEWEED AS TWO GRIM FIGURES STALK TOWARD THE SHOWDOWN...
READY, GUNSMOKE?
AND AS JIMMY WHIPS OUT HIS GUNS...
HERE I COME, KID! I'LL LET YUH DRAW FIRST-- AN' I'M SHOOTIN' TO KILL!
STILL BLUFFING--HOPING TO SCARE ME OFF AT THE LAST MOMENT! BUT I'LL FORCE HIM TO DRAW AND SHOOT HIS BLANKS, FOR EVERYONE TO WITNESS!
BANG
BANG
POP
POP
I'LL JUST WOUND HIM IN THE LEGS, AN' COVER UP LATER SAYIN' I COULD NOT KILL AN UNDERAGE KID! IT'LL STILL PROTECT MY REPUTATION AS A KILLER!
IN THE SAME INSTANT, AS GUNSMOKE GUS FIRES...
... BUT THEY MEET ANOTHER TARGET FLASHING DOWN...
SUPERMAN!
DUCK, PARD! SEEMS THAT HOMBRE IS PLAYING ROUGH!
WHO'S THAT MEDDLING GALOOT? I'LL DRAW MY OTHER GUN LIKE LIGHTNIN'!
ONLY LIKE LIGHTNING? THAT GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO LOAD JIMMY'S WATER PISTOL, HERE, AND BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW!
BANG! BANG!
REAL BULLETS WHINE TOWARD JIMMY...

READY... AIM... FIRE! YOUR NAME IS MUD NOW!
CLUB
THAT WAS LOCO, TRYIN' TO "OUTDRAW" SUPERMAN!
PLEASE DON'T HIT ME, SUPERMAN! PLEASE... SOBBB!
THERE'S YOUR BIG "BADMAN," FOLKS! LIKE ALL BULLIES WHEN THEIR BLUFF IS CALLED, THEY TURN INTO SNIVELING COWARDS!
YOU COMMITTED NO REAL CRIME, GUNSMOKE, SO I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE HOUR TO...
HE ONLY NEEDS FIVE MINUTES, SUPERMAN! HE'S ALMOST OUT OF TOWN ALREADY! BUT HOW DID YOU POP UP LIKE THIS, AT THE RIGHT TIME?
BACK AT THE OFFICE, YOUR BOSS PERRY WHITE SENT YOU TO COVER A BIG RODEO! I VOLUNTEERED TO PICK YOU UP WHEN HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED HE TOLD YOU THE WRONG TOWN... TUMBLEWEED INSTEAD OF TRUMBLEWOOD!
NOW HE THINKS OF IT!
STILL, YOU GOT A BETTER STORY THAN A RODEO OUT OF IT, EXPOSING A FAKE BADMAN BULLY! WERE YOU SCARED AT FIRST, JIMMY, THINKING HIM A REAL KILLER?
WHO, ME? NAW! I'VE GOT NERVES OF STEEL--YIPES! M-MORE GUNSHOTS!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
RUN ALONG WITH YOUR CAP PISTOL, SONNY! NOW WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT YOUR NERVES OF STEEL, JIMMY?
UH...NEVER MIND! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO THE BIG QUIET CITY!
BANG!
THE END.

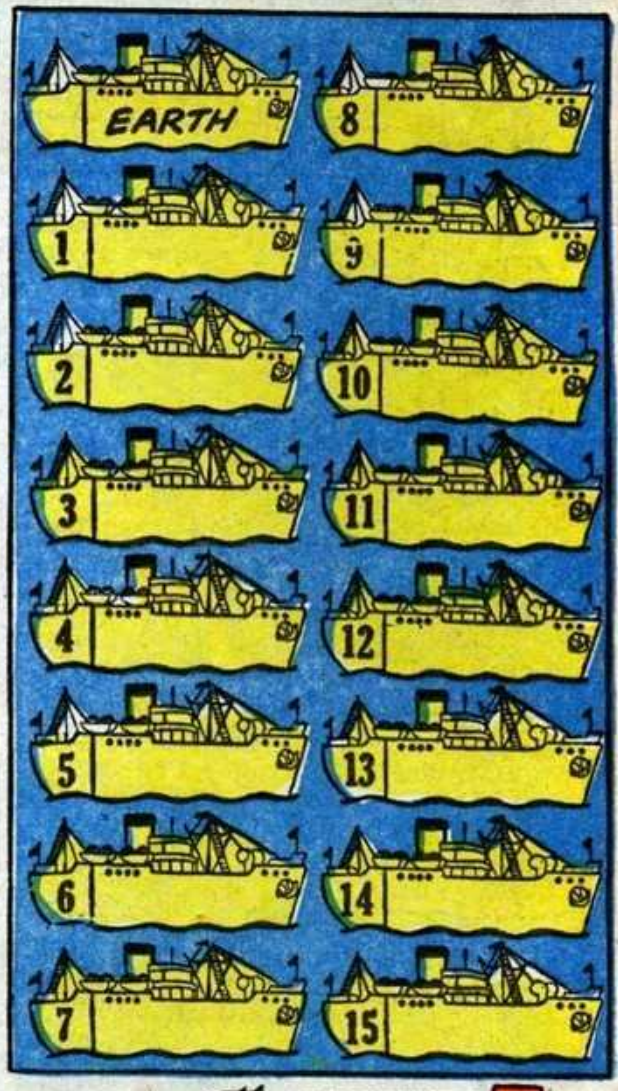
Word MANEUVER



USING **ONLY** THE LETTERS IN THE PASSWORD, CAN YOU SPELL **15 FIVE-LETTER WORDS** IN 15 MINUTES? ONE WORD HAS BEEN INSERTED TO SHOW AN EXAMPLE. A LIST OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS APPEARS BELOW. PENCIL READY--WATCH SYNCHRONIZED? THE WORD MANEUVER IS ON!

Password

DREADNAUGHT



The ANSWERS

ADDER	HAUNT	GRADE	TREND	ANGER
RANGE	GRAND	TRADE	DREAD	TREAD
GAUNT	GRANT	GUARD	GREAT	DAUNT

PEG
HI, PEG!
I HEAR YOU HAVE A DATE WITH BILL WILLIAMS TOMORROW.
HE'S NICE. BUT HE ALWAYS TRIES TO KISS THE GIRLS!
OH, I'M NOT WORRIED. I ALWAYS CHEW BUBBLE GUM!
BUBBLE GUM? WHAT DOES THAT DO?
SEE!
?
END

ADVERTISEMENT

HEY KIDS!

MATCH YOUR WITS with the Smith Brothers!

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED PERRY
WHO CAUGHT A BAD COLD ON A FERRY
HE STOPPED ALL HIS HACKING
AND SENT HIS COUGH PACKING...
...WITH COUGH DROPS
- SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY!

Get The Cough Drop That Leads 'Em All In Flavor!

How you'll go for Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops! They're so delicious—tantalizing and good—just wait till you taste that Wild Cherry flavor! And they s-o-o-t-h-e your throat when coughing starts. Get 'em—you'll love 'em!

NOW... See how many rhymes you can find for "Cherry"! Make it a game with your friends—and make delicious tasting Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops the prize. Here's how you rate:

- ☐ 1-2 rhymes: JUST FAIR!
- ☐ 3-4 rhymes: NOT BAD!
- ☐ 5-6 rhymes: BETTER THAN MOST!
- ☐ 7 or more rhymes: TOO SMART—YOU BEAT US!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS 5¢

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS

LOOK- THERE'S RUFFY! HE'S BEEN BRAGGIN' HE COULD SPEND A NIGHT IN THE OL' HAUNTED HOUSE!
SNAP!
HE SURE MAKES EVERYBODY'S LIFE MISERABLE. I WISH WE COULD FIX HIM... AND... SAY! MAYBE WE CAN! LET'S TALK TO HIM.
-AND SO WE DARE YOU TO SPEND TONIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TELLING EVERYBODY YOU WOULD!
- OR WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE US TELL PEOPLE YOU BACKED OUT?
DON'T WORRY- I'LL BE THERE!
IT'LL WORK. I SAW HIM GO IN THERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, SO HE OUGHT TO BE SCARED ENOUGH BY NOW TO FALL FOR IT!
I SURE HOPE YOUR IDEA WORKS, TIM-
I'M THE TWO-HEADED MONSTER - AND I'M COMING AFTER YOU 'CAUSE YOU BULLY ALL THE LITTLE KIDS - HEH- HEH- HEH-
PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!!!
HELP! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
IT WAS SIMPLE! I JUST BLEW A BIG BUBBLE OUT THE SIDE OF MY MOUTH WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM AND IN THE DARK IT LOOKED AS IF I HAD TWO HEADS!
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM RUN! WHEN HE PASSED ME HE SAID HE'D NEVER BULLY ANOTHER KID IN HIS LIFE!
FLEER
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
COMICS, FACTS, AND FORTUNES IN EVERY PIECE!
LONG-LASTING FLAVOR!
AND, UMMM- IS IT DELICIOUS GUM!

JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
HENRY BOLTINOFF
JERRY, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!
YOU'VE BEEN SQUANDERING YOUR ALLOWANCE WEEK AFTER WEEK. GIRLS, DATES, YOUR CAR--
YOU SHOULD SAVE SOME MONEY PUT SOME ASIDE FOR A RAINY DAY!
BUT DAD, I AM SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY!
IN A LITTLE WHILE I'LL HAVE ENOUGH SAVED TO BUY A NEW TOP FOR MY CAR!
END.

A Killer Stalked Him, but Where Was His Protector?

Marooned Atop the Building

THE two men seated in the living room of the lavish Fox Hills mansion were watching the hilarious antics of a comedian on the TV screen without smiling. The studio audience roared its approval of one bit of slapstick comedy, but neither of the two men changed the expressions on their faces. They seemed lost in thought, or preoccupied with other, more pressing matters.

One of the men was Judge Harvey Hadlock, whose life had just been threatened by an escaped convict he had helped send to prison. The other was Detective-Sergeant Martin Pinelli, who had been assigned to protect the judge.

Suddenly, the figure of the comedian faded from the screen, and the face of an announcer took its place.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the announcer, "Killer Corbin has been spotted in the northern part of Fox Hills. People living in that area are urged by the police to report any suspicious movements by a stranger near their homes."

The announcer concluded with a detailed description of the escaped convict. The comedian flashed back on the screen.

The judge glanced sharply at Sergeant Pinelli, and the detective left his chair and crossed to the large picture window. He parted the drapes and peered outside. A blinding snowstorm turned parked cars into big white mounds. The wind screamed as if in terror. The temperature was dipping to a record cold.

Just then, Sgt. Pinelli heard the judge exclaim, and, turning, saw the magistrate point to the TV screen. It was dark, no picture.

The Detective-Sergeant misunderstood. "We were told to keep it on, Judge—to follow the announcements, since the telephone wires are down."

"I didn't turn it off. It blacked out by itself."

Sgt. Pinelli, an expert, moved the set away from the wall, and carefully examined the mechanism. At length, he stood up. "It's the antenna. The storm must have knocked it over."

A note of alarm entered the judge's voice, as he asked, "What'll we do? I was hoping I'd be able to hear the announcement in case Corbin's captured."

Pinelli reached for his coat. "Got a ladder that reaches to the roof?"

"Yes, Sergeant, there's one in the garage back of the house."

Pinelli nodded and moved toward the door. He turned.

"Lock the door after I'm out. And don't worry about Corbin. Your house has quite a lot of ground around it, and while I'm working on the antenna, I'll keep an eye out for him. If I see him coming, I'll hustle right down."

The judge nodded, and Pinelli went out. The biting wind tore at him, and screamed weirdly in the night.

The ladder which he placed against the house swayed crazily, and he had to dig it into the frozen ground before it would hold steady.

Once on the roof, Pinelli crawled toward the front of the house where the antenna was located. His teeth chattered from the extreme cold, and his fingers felt numb. But, on approaching the antenna, he saw at once what the trouble was: the lead-in wire had snapped in the howling wind.

It took the sergeant about 15 minutes to make the repair, and then, with a fervent sigh of relief, he started back toward the ladder.

But, when he reached the spot where he had climbed onto the roof, he uttered a gasp. The ladder had toppled over!

Pinelli began to shout. But he knew even before he began that the judge would never hear him above the screaming wind. He shut up. No point in wasting his energies. He peered over the side, considering dropping down. But he was too high.

Meanwhile, it was getting colder by the minute. Pinelli was sure it had dropped a few points since he had climbed up. He turned around. The sight of the smoke curling up through the chimney made him think of the judge, seated in front of the roaring fireplace, warm and comfortable.

"You'd think he'd come out to investigate," muttered Pinelli. But even as he muttered the words, he knew that he had given the judge express orders to lock up after he left.

But fresh peril suddenly appeared. Far down the street, Pinelli was sure he recognized a familiar shuffle—the unmistakable gait of Killer Corbin. Corbin had vowed he would kill the judge. And Pinelli, who had vowed to protect the judge, was marooned, helpless, atop the judge's roof. From Pinelli's vantage point, he could see Corbin slipping in one alley after another, but coming closer and closer to the house.

There must be some way of getting down and intercepting the killer. But what was it? Pinelli wracked his brain. How could he contact the judge? HOW? HOW?

"The poor judge," mused Pinelli, "thinking himself safe."

At that moment, the hapless sergeant was struck with an idea.

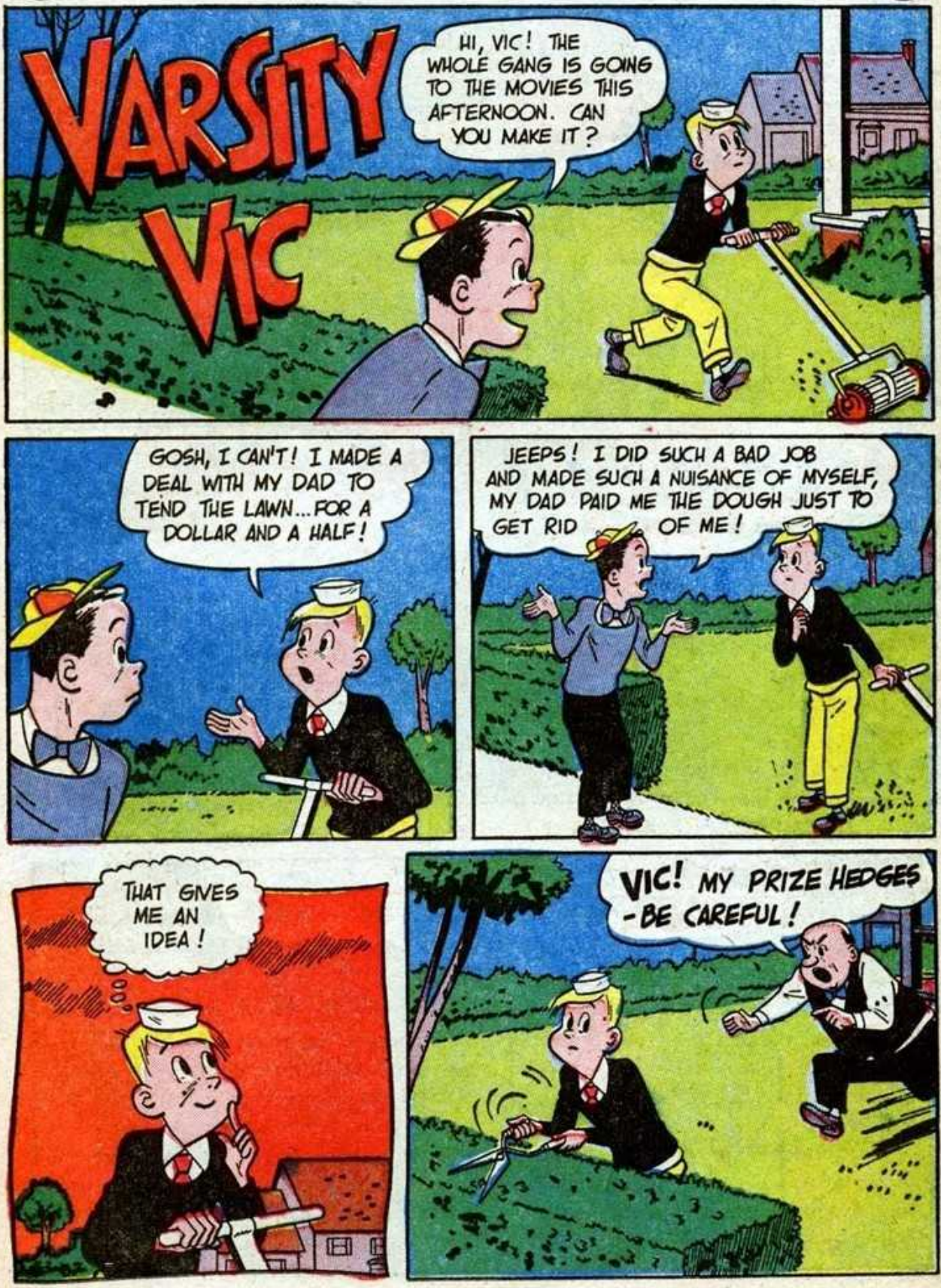
And five minutes later, the judge rushed out of the house in answer to Pinelli's summons. He saw at a glance what had happened, and replaced the ladder against the house.

Pinelli got down none too soon. Corbin had just entered the judge's ground, and, spotting the judge, had raised his stolen automatic. But he never got the chance to shoot. Next instant, Pinelli had fired, and Corbin was holding his hand, howling with pain.

How had Sgt. Pinelli warned the judge?

Nothing to it, really. He had taken off his coat and thrown it over the chimney. Almost simultaneously, clouds of black smoke came belching into the judge's living room. The judge, an intelligent and alert man, correctly interpreted the smoke as a danger signal, and rushed out to answer it.

—Jim Masters


VARSITY VIC
HI, VIC! THE WHOLE GANG IS GOING TO THE MOVIES THIS AFTERNOON. CAN YOU MAKE IT?
GOSH, I CAN'T! I MADE A DEAL WITH MY DAD TO TEND THE LAWN...FOR A DOLLAR AND A HALF!
JEEPS! I DID SUCH A BAD JOB AND MADE SUCH A NUISANCE OF MYSELF, MY DAD PAID ME THE DOUGH JUST TO GET RID OF ME!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
VIC! MY PRIZE HEDGES - BE CAREFUL!

HERE, I'LL TAKE THE HEDGE CLIPPERS --YOU GO WATER THE LAWN !
OOOPS - SORRY, DAD!
I NEVER SAW SUCH CLUMSINESS -- OOOPS!
LATER
H'LO, SPUNKY !
C'MON, VIC! ARE YOU GOING IN ?
NO! MY DAD TOOK AWAY MY ALLOWANCE FOR A MONTH TO PAY FOR ALL THE DAMAGE I DID !
THE END

SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS ALWAYS SEEK PRIZE PICTURES OF EXCITING DANGER, AS PART OF THEIR PROFESSION! BUT CAN THERE BE A CANDID CAMERA "FIEND" WHO COLLECTS TRAGEDY ON FILM FOR HIS PRIVATE SATISFACTION ONLY? JIMMY OLSEN, CUB REPORTER, IS PLUNGED INTO A PERILOUS PUZZLE WHEN SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF...
MY BEST PANIC PICTURE YET!
TROUBLE FOR OTHERS IS FILM "FUN" FOR YOU! YOU'RE A CAMERA "FIEND," ALL RIGHT!
"THE MAN WHO COLLECTED EXCITEMENT!"

CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN OF THE DAILY PLANET WINCES AT THE LATEST HEADLINE...
WHAT A SCOOP! THAT'S BEEN THE BIGGEST NEWS IN A WEEK! I WISH SOMETHING EXCITING WOULD POP UP... HMMM.. MY PHONE!
DAILY PLANET
FLOWER SHOW IN FULL SWING!

JIMMY'S WISH SEEMS GRANTED!
JIMMY OLSEN? A FIRE JUST STARTED ON GROVER STREET... LOTS OF SMOKE... MAY GET BIG! I'M ONLY A BYSTANDER WHO WANTS TO GIVE A YOUNG REPORTER LIKE YOU A BREAK!
GOSH, THANKS FOR THE TIP, MISTER!

SWIFTLY, IN THE FLYING NEWSROOM...
WOW! SMOKE ALL OVER! ARE ALL THOSE HOMES ALONG GROVER STREET ON FIRE? A PANIC STARTED ALREADY BEFORE THE FIRE ENGINES GOT HERE!
MANY PEOPLE REACT TYPICALLY IN A PANIC!
MY RARE BOOKS... CAN'T LET THEM BURN!
WE SAVED WHAT WE COULD! RUN, CHILDREN!
BUT IN CONTRAST, PANIC HAS NOT STRUCK ONE OBSERVER...
AH! WONDERFUL! PRIZE PICTURES OF GREAT EXCITEMENT, RARE TO GET!
BOY, THAT FELLOW SURE IS A CANDID CAMERA "FIEND"!
BUT I'D BETTER CALL SUPERMAN HERE, BEFORE THIS GETS OUT OF HAND!
HIDDEN IN HIS WRISTWATCH, JIMMY'S SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL CAN SUMMON THE MAN OF STEEL FROM ANYWHERE WITH ITS ULTRA-SONIC DISTRESS CALL!
ACROSS THE CITY WHERE CLARK KENT WAS SEEKING OTHER NEWS, HIS SUPER-HEARING PICKS UP THE SPECIAL SOS, AND...
TROUBLE SOMEWHERE! I'LL FOLLOW JIMMY'S GUIDE BEAM TO THE SPOT!
ONLY SECONDS LATER...
THEY WERE OVERCOME BY SMOKE! BUT ODDLY, I DON'T SEE ANY FLAMES HERE, JUST LOTS OF SMOKE! WHAT KIND OF FIRE IS THIS?

MEANWHILE, JIMMY HAS FOUND THE QUEER ANSWER!
LOOK, SUPERMAN! FLYING OVER, I SAW WHAT IT WAS! NO HOMES ON FIRE AT ALL, JUST THIS SMOULDERING RUBBISH HEAP THAT FOOLED PEOPLE AND PANICKED THE NEIGHBORHOOD! EVERYBODY BELIEVES THAT SAYING -- "WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE!"
I'LL STAMP IT OUT AND THE PANIC IS OVER, WITH THE SMOKE CLEARING AWAY!
SNIFF! SOMEBODY CARELESSLY DUMPED OLD CRANK-CASE OIL HERE, WHICH MAKES HEAVY SMOKE! ALL A FALSE ALARM OVER A TRIVIAL ACCIDENT!
WHEN OTHER DISAPPOINTED REPORTERS ARRIVE...
FALSE ALARM, EH? KINDA PECULIAR THAT YOU WERE ON THE SPOT SO SOON, JIMMY, EVEN AHEAD OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! ARE YOU MAKING HEADLINES, KID?
G-GOSH! DO YOU THINK I'D COMMIT ARSON JUST TO SCOOP YOU?
I-I JUST GOT AN ANONYMOUS TIP, THAT'S ALL! NEWSPAPERS OFTEN GET THEM FROM FRIENDLY PEOPLE! DO THEY REALLY THINK...
THEY WERE JUST JEALOUS THAT YOU BEAT 'EM TO THE SCENE! FORGET IT, JIMMY!
JIMMY DOES FORGET IT, AS SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL DAYS SLIP BY FOR METROPOLIS, UNTIL...
FLYING SAUCER! I SEE ONE COMING DOWN, RIGHT TO THIS ROOF! RUN BEFORE IT LANDS... IT MAY BE A MENACE!
CAN YOU BEAT IT? THAT CRACKPOT HAS BEEN KEEPING WATCH FOR FLYING SAUCERS SO LONG HE REALLY BELIEVES IN THEM! HMMFFF!
BUT WEIRDLY...
EEK! A REAL FLYING SAUCER... IT LANDED! EVIL LITTLE CREATURES INSIDE!
W-WARN EVERYBODY!
3

PRIOR TO ANY REAL INVASION, PANIC INVADES THE APARTMENT BUILDING!
RUN! FLYING SAUCER LANDED!
MY J-JEWELS! BROUGHT THEM HOME FROM MY SHOP TO SHOW THEM TO PRIVATE PROSPECTS AT DINNER! GOT TO TAKE THEM ALONG!
MOMENTS LATER...
AW, THAT TIP YOU GOT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG, JIMMY!
IT'S NO GAG, JUMBO! PEOPLE ARE EVACUATING THE BUILDING AS IF FIENDS FROM OUTER SPACE DID ATTACK!
FLYING NEWSROOM DAILY PLANET
BUT THE ONLY "FIEND" I SEE IS THAT CAMERA BUG AGAIN! LAND ON THE ROOF, JUMBO!
PANDEMONIUM PICTURES... TERRIFIC!
BUT... BUT WHAT IF THEY'RE ARMED MONSTERS--HUH?
STOP WORRYING, JUMBO! I SUSPECTED IT WAS A FAKE! A DUMMY BALLOON PAINTED UP AND FLOATED HERE, CREATING A PHONY PANIC!
POOF!
JUST A PRACTICAL JOKE, EH? BUT WHO'D PULL A NASTY ONE LIKE THIS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL TOSS THE DEFLATED BALLOON DOWN AMONG THE PEOPLE, ENDING THE PANIC! WE DIDN'T EVEN NEED SUPERMAN FOR THIS SILLY AFFAIR!
SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON, JUMBO! TWICE I GET AN ANONYMOUS TIP LIKE THIS, AND IT WAS THE SAME MUFFLED VOICE BOTH TIMES! WHO'S TIPPING ME OFF? AND WHY THE FALSE PANICS?
POLICE ARE ALSO INVESTIGATING...
WE'RE TRYING TO TRACK DOWN WHOEVER'S BEHIND THOSE TWO FALSE-ALARM PANICS -- THE FIRE AND FLYING SAUCER! NOW YOU, JIMMY OLSEN, WERE REPORTED AT THE SCENE FIRST EACH TIME! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?
WHY... UH... SOMEBODY TIPPED ME OFF!
4

PRETTY THIN STORY! IF YOU WEREN'T SUPERMAN'S PAL... WELL, WE'LL CHECK OTHERS, TOO!
(GULP!)... I'M UNDER SUSPICION OF CREATING THE PANICS!
HMM... I'M BEGINNING TO SEE NOW... MAYBE WHOEVER IS TIPPING ME OFF IS MAKING ME HIS FALL GUY TO PROTECT HIMSELF! BUT WHO WOULD WANT PHONY PANICS?... WAIT! THAT CAMERA FIEND! HE WAS ON THE SCENE BOTH TIMES AHEAD OF ME!
AT HOME THAT EVENING...
I GOT A LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE CANDID CAMERA CLUB! HE'S ONE, MOST LIKELY! GUESS I'M "DISGUISED" WELL ENOUGH AS A SHUTTERBUG MYSELF, TO FOLLOW THE LIST AND TRACK HIM DOWN!
AFTER A WEARY DOOR-TO-DOOR CHECK UP...
HE'S THE ONE-- ALPHONSE BAKER!
UH... PARDON, ME! I JUST JOINED THE CANDID CAMERA CLUB AND...
WELCOME! COME IN! ANY LENS FIEND IS A FRIEND OF MINE! NO DOUBT THEY TOLD YOU OF MY WONDERFUL EXCITEMENT COLLECTION! WANT TO SEE IT?
OTHER PEOPLE COLLECT THE USUAL BORING THINGS LIKE STAMPS OR ANTIQUES! PAH! LOOK AT MY UNIQUE COLLECTION!
JEEPERS! ALL OF DANGER, PANIC, EXCITEMENT!
HOW DID YOU GET ON THE SCENE AT THE FIRE PANIC AND FLYING-SAUCER SCARE? JUST BY... UH... LUCK?
OH NO! KIND FRIENDS PHONED ME BOTH TIMES! THEY DIDN'T GIVE THEIR NAMES BUT NO DOUBT KNEW I WAS CRAZY FOR PANIC PICTURES!
BACK HOME...
HMM... DIFFERENT VOICE, BUT IT CAN EASILY BE CHANGED OVER A PHONE! WAS HE JUST COVERING-UP BY CLAIMING HE WAS TIPPED OFF, TOO? STILL, FOR REAL PROOF, I'VE GOT TO WAIT UNTIL HE PULLS ANOTHER PANIC...

However, dull days follow again, with editor Perry White desperate for front-page news...
What? Grover Street, where the false fire panic occurred a week ago! Super-duper! I've got a big hunch now...
RINGGGG!
Memo from Perry White
Avery Squinch, wealthy miser of Grover Street, robbed of secret hoard hidden in hollow tree.
Blow this up, Jimmy, even if it's a piddling robbery!—
The phone interrupts and...
Another tip from my unknown "friend"...
Jimmy Olsen, Daily Planet? The dam just cracked, in Suburbia! A flood threatens rich homes! A scoop if you hurry, kid! Good luck... (Click!)
Jimmy does hurry to the wealthy suburb beyond city limits where...
The river dam is cracked all right, flooding Suburbia's mansions! Another panic for sure! I'll signal Superman fast!
Moments later, answering the call...
Cars already stalled in rising waters! Some are sure to drown if I try to rescue one at a time!
HELP!
Swiftly, the man of steel goes into action!
Just stay bumper-to-bumper and steer, folks!
Superman is shoving us all up this sloping street to the hill section, safe above the water level!
Riverview
6

SHORTLY AFTER, REPAIRING THE DAM...
THERE! THE FLOOD WILL SUBSIDE IN A FEW HOURS! BUT PEOPLE SAID THEY HEARD A BOOM BEFORE THE FLOOD STARTED! DID SOMEBODY PURPOSELY CRACK IT WITH EXPLOSIVES? WHO WOULD DO IT--AND WHY?

MEANWHILE, SUPERMAN'S PAL SEEKS THE CULPRIT!
THERE'S ALPHONSE BAKER AGAIN, TAKING MORE SNAPS FOR HIS EXCITEMENT COLLECTION! BUT KEEP GOING, JUMBO!

WHY DOESN'T JIMMY STOP?
BAKER'S INNOCENT, OF COURSE! THE ONE I WANT MUST BE SPYING INTO SOMEBODY'S HOME!... AH! THERE HE IS IN A LAUNCH! CLEVER, SINCE HE'D ONLY BE TAKEN AS A RESCUER AT WORK!

I SAW ALL I WANTED TO SEE! NOW TO "RESCUE" WEALTHY BARTON BIGGELOW ...AND HIS RARE STAMPS! I DON'T WANT THEM RUINED! HA HA!

BUT THE FLYING NEWSROOM SWOOPS DOWN, LIKE A HAWK AND...
OKAY, JUMBO! JUMPED HIM! GOT HIM BY SURPRISE!
OOF!

I'LL PLUG YOU... OWW!
YOU CRACKED THE DAM WITH DYNAMITE!

BUT I'M CRACKING YOUR CHIN, AND THE WHOLE CASE NOW! "SNEAKY" STORCH, EH? A LONG STANDING MEMBER OF THE ROGUE'S GALLERY!
WHEN SUPERMAN ARRIVES, WITH THE FLOOD SUBSIDING...
"SNEAKY" STORCH TIPPED OFF BOTH ALPHONSE BAKER AND ME EACH TIME COVERING HIMSELF FOR THE FALSE PANICS! THE POLICE WOULD SUSPECT EITHER ME, MAKING HEADLINES -- OR BAKER, ADDING TO HIS EXCITEMENT COLLECTION! PERFECT FALL GUYS!
"STORCH KNEW THAT DURING PANICS, PEOPLE OFTEN GRAB UP THEIR VALUABLES! AT THE FIRE SCARE, HE SPIED ON HIS CHOSEN VICTIM, MISERLY AVERY SQUINCH..."
MY PRECIOUS MONEY!
SO THAT'S WHERE HE HIDES IT! EASY TO ROB HIM... BUT MUCH LATER!
THAT WAS THE CUNNING PART... HE DIDN'T PLAN TO ROB THEM UNTIL LATER, WHEN THE SCARE WAS ALL FORGOTTEN! AT THE FLYING-SAUCER SCARE, NO DOUBT HIS CHOSEN VICTIM WAS JOHNSON, THE JEWELER! AT THE FLOOD, BIGGELOW'S MILLION-DOLLAR STAMP COLLECTION CONCEALED IN SOME SECRET VAULT IN THE HOUSE!
THE JIG-SAW FELL IN PLACE WHEN I SAW THE OBSCURE ITEM OF A ROBBERY ON GROVER STREET, SCENE OF THE FALSE FIRE PANIC! THEN IT MADE SENSE... CENTS, THAT IS!
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE JIMMY'S "FALL GUY," STORCH, INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY AROUND!
LATER, AT THE OFFICE...
GREAT, JIMMY! USE THIS HEADLINE -- PANIC PLANNER FAILS IN FALL-GUY PLOT! WRITE UP THE STORY FOR OUR MORNING EDITION EVEN IF IT TAKES HALF THE NIGHT!
H-HALF THE NIGHT? HMM... I'M STILL THE "FALL GUY"!
THE END

YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

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